

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

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PERNICIOUS PROPAGANDA.

During the few weeks preceding the primary election there was circulated much propaganda, intended to prejudice voters, that later developments have proven false. The most active of the propagandists against Judge Gardner and Commonwealth's Attorney Floyd Arnett witnessed, during the term of court just ended, the complete refutation of their charges and saw their house of cards tumbling about their ears.

Citizens from every part of the county watched the proceedings of this term of court with interest that was unusual. It had gone abroad that the liquor dealers had not been punished and many believed it, but after the work of the term just ended there was a complete reversal of opinion in the minds of most of the critics. They came prepared to see lax enforcement and saw the most vigorous enforcement of the liquor laws that we have ever had. Not only were the indictments made at the March term on the docket, but most of them were tried and the offenders convicted. The grand jury at the term just ended returned 267 indictments, and in many of the cases made for selling liquor the parties were arrested and tried at the term in which the indictments were made.

Public sentiment has been slow in crystalizing to the extent that the citizenship would aid actively in the suppression of the bootlegging, but it has arrived at that state where it is possible to obtain the evidence against the bootlegger, and they have been given the limit whenever tried.

Much of what was said before the primary was buncumb intended to prejudice the people, but that propaganda has not a leg left to stand on now.

THE SENATORIAL RACE.

The Democrats and the Republicans have each nominated their strongest candidate for State Senator, and this is the race which will excite the most interest during the campaign. This district is normally about 1,000 Democratic and without outside complications Dr. Whiteaker should defeat his opponent from 1,500 to 2,000 majority.

Breathitt county has nominated a strong Democratic ticket and will give its usual Democratic majority. Wolfe county is in fine shape and will give its usual majority. Magoffin and Lee are Republican and with strong county tickets will doubtless give their usual Republican majority.

Mr. Crain's only hope of winning is in his ability to stir up satisfaction among the Democrats of Morgan.

The Courier does not believe that the Democrats of Morgan will play into the hands of Mr. Crain and thereby give the Republicans the opportunity to redistrict the State when they know that if Dr. Whiteaker is defeated such a thing will happen. It does not believe that Democrats will attempt to cross in any race and thus jeopardize the party's control of the State. There is too much at stake for any Democrat to do anything this fall save put his cross under the rooster and let the rooster do the scratching.

GASOLINE VS. A MULE.

There is something about any gasoline arrangement that is akin to the mule. Last week the gasoline burner to our linotype balked and refused to work. On Saturday we ordered a natural gas burner and set out to bet his paper out the old fashioned hand-set way. But on Tuesday the burner came out of its balkiness and we have day we ordered a natural gas burner and set out to get We hope to get the natural gas burner in in a few days and we fondly hope that our gasoline troubles will be over.

We had intended to give a detailed account of the proceedings of the last term of the court, but that will have to go over to the next issue.

Everything will come out all right in the end and we will soon forget these little worries when things get to running smooth.

We know that our readers will bear with us until we get the obstinate old mule working gently, and we will do our best to give you a good paper.

IMPORTANT TO US.

Quite a few who received statements for their arrears on subscription have so far failed to respond. This is very important to us. We sent out about five hundred statements for various sums due us on subscription and while each amount was small they all amount to a great deal to us. It is a little matter to each of you individually, but you will readily see how it effects us when a great number hold back and neglect to send in the amount they owe us. We want to call attention to the matter again and impress it upon you that we really need the money.

We had hoped that work on the survey of the road from here to Mt. Sterling would have begun before now. It is our understanding that the work of locating the road will be done before next spring so that actual construction can be begun.

The Teachers' Institute begins next week and we invite each of the teachers to call and see us. The Courier is deeply interested in the schools of the county and wants to get acquainted with all the teachers. We will be glad to co-operate with them in the cause of education.

SEND US THAT \$1.50.

In order to take the burden off the poor the Republicans propose to take off the income tax from the big incomes and give us three cent letter postage.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe," Littleford, typical mountain girl. "Babe," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, winner of both coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III

Goliath of the Hills.

Dale awoke a little after daybreak, arose and dressed himself, and went out by way of the door beside the huge stone-and-clay chimney. The mountain air was bracing. Dale threw out his chest and started eagerly for a walk.

The road led past the cabin of Grandpap Moreland. When Dale was directly in front of the log house, he saw the aged mountaineer standing on a rickety sawhorse beside the stone step at the narrow porch; Grandpap Moreland was helping a gray cat down from the roof.

"Mornin'! I was jest a-takin' that thar cussified old pest down off'n the roof. I've took him down every mornin' as reg'lar as I make fires, for 'three year or more. Ef it wasn't bad luck to kill a cat, I shoot him, mebbe."

After breakfasting with John Moreland, Bill Dale borrowed fishing-rackles from his host, and set out alone for the little river.

There were many shoals and rapids, and he went almost half a mile before he found a place to his liking. It was a beautiful spot. Above, the water poured between two great boulders with a gentle roar; below, it shallowed out over round stones. Overhead towered tall white sycamores.

Not until he had put a minnow on the hook and cast it out did he see that he was not alone at the pool. On the other side, less than sixty feet away, Babe Littleford sat on a stone the size of a small barrel; she held a cane fishing-rod in her hands, and her bare feet were in the water to her ankles. She was looking squarely toward Dale, and there was something akin to reproachful anger in her long brown eyes.

"Good morning!" called Dale, lifting his hat.

There was no reply. There was not even a change of countenance. Again Dale called his friendly greeting, and again there was no reply. It pliqued Dale.

A few yards down the stream the white body of a sycamore lay from one bank to the other; it had been blown there by a recent storm. Dale wound his line, went down and crossed by means of the prostrate tree.

She didn't even look around when he walked up to her and spoke again. It struck him as being decidedly odd. "I say," he told her, "you're as chatty as a set of stencils. You mustn't talk so much, y'know."

Her eyes smiled at the river, but Dale couldn't see her eyes.

"Do you like violets, Miss Littleford?" he asked next.

In the black, mica-strewn soil at his feet grew a carpet of the finest violets he had ever seen. Babe let the tip of her cane rod fall into the water and looked around.

"It sounds funny to hear a man talk o' such little things as 'violet,' she declared. "Most o' men don't think o' nothin' but workin', huntin', fightin' and eatin'. I'm a little mad at you! I went home yest'day—and I think I run-nigh'tigh the whole six mile—and fixed up dinner for you, 'cause I understood you was a-counin' to our house—and you went to them low-down Morelands!"

"I beg pardon," he said contritely; "didn't know you were especially expecting me. I had business," he added, "with John Moreland."

There came to his ears from somewhere down the river the chorus of a rakish old hill song, and the voice was that of the lanky moonshiner, By Heck—

"Oh, when I die, don't-a bury me deep. Put no tombstone at my head and feet. Put a barrel o' whiskey in my right hand. Oh, my way to the From-bred La-a-and. Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

A few minutes later there appeared on the Moreland side of the river the singer of the rakish old song; he had a minnow-pail in one hand and a white hickory rod in the other.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he yelled. "Hi, thar, Babe! Either of ye'uns ketchin' anything?"

Ben Littleford's daughter held up a fish proudly. Heck slapped his thigh with his slouch hat.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "But they ain't nothin' jest right. The moon's wrong, and the signs is wrong, fo' fishin'!"

At that instant John Moreland appeared at Heck's side. He seemed very serious about something.

"Bill Dale," he called, "come over here."

Wondering, Dale put down his rod and turned to obey. Two minutes later he stood before John Moreland. "I jest wanted to tell ye," and the mountaineer almost closed one alert grey eye, "hat ye're purty shore to sit into trouble over thar."

"I'm an able-bodied man," Dale returned smilingly. "You shore are," frowned Moreland, "but mebbe you ain't used to durned hard fightin'!"

Not used to hard fighting! Dale's smile broadened. Once he had whipped a heavyweight pugilist; and he had fought as a matter of principle, and not for money or prestige.

Moreland suddenly jerked one thumb toward the other side of the stream. Dale looked and saw, standing beside Babe Littleford, a quite formidable man. He had the height and breadth, almost, of a Goliath. He was black-eyed and black-haired, and his thick, short beard was curled like the hair between a bull's horns. In one hand he carried a repeating rifle as lightly as though it were a mere straw.

One of his great arms suddenly straightened toward Dale, and a voice as gruff as the growl of a bear said hotly: "What was you a-doin' here a-talkin' to my gyurl?"

Babe Littleford looked angry. Dale flushed, then went pale.

"I have a habit of talking with whom I please," he said evenly. "Spoke like a man," drawled the lanky Heck in a very low tone.

Goliath of the hills stared unbelievably. Dale said in an undertone to John Moreland: "Is it that Ball fellow?"

"Yes," answered the hillman; "it's Black Adam Ball."

Ball dropped his rifle to the violets, slowly clenched his huge and hairy hands, and thrust his bearded jaw out aggressively.

"I dare ye over here, ye pink coward!" he challenged.

"If you have any business with me, come over here and transact it," Dale retorted. "I won't run."

"That's Moreland territory," Ball objected. "But I'll meet ye half way, and I dare ye to take me up, ye lace-trimmed pink mollycoddle!"

Half-way would be the middle of the river, and no place for a fight, surely. But Dale was nettled. His temper, the temper that he had never been able to keep wholly under control, was rising fast. He threw off his coat and hat and rolled the sleeves of his soft shirt to his elbows. Then he waded into the pool. The slowly moving water was up to his waist at the half-way point, and the bottom was of hard-packed sand.

The Goliath stared unbelievably. He was not accustomed to having his



There Was No Reply. There Was Not Even a Change of Countenance.

challenges thus accepted. He threw off his hat and went to meet the blue young stranger.

Bill Dale squared himself and put up his guard. Adam Ball came on, and he was scowling wickedly.

Ball rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and let out with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but to Ball's surprise, it failed to land. Dale evaded it cleverly, and at the same time sent a swift left uppercut to the other's

soft-little jaw. Adam Ball staggered two wicked winks and stretched himself; he had caught a tartar. A moment, and he let out again, and he missed again; but he followed it with a blow that made a red mark on Bill Dale's shoulder.

"How's that, ye pink coward?" he crowed.

"All right—how's this?"

And Dale sent on a mighty blow that rebounded dully from the giant's chest, and elicited only a harsh laugh

of contempt. There was little to be gained by striking a man like Adam Ball on the chest; Dale knew now that he must reach a more vulnerable spot.

Then he feinted with his left and drove his right to Ball's mouth, bringing blood. Ball roared in his blind rage and dashed toward his antagonist, resolved to get a clinch. But Dale eluded the terrible arms, although in so doing he received a blow on the temple that made him dizzy for a few seconds.

While Ball was again engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her gaping son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stummick, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him whar he lives at!"

The combat grew hotter and hotter. Both landed frequently now. The faces



The Combat Grew Hotter and Hotter.

of both were bleeding, and each spat red now and then. Their clothing had been torn away to the belt, and their magnificent wet bodies glistened in the morning sunlight. Dale had seriously damaged his soft hands; they felt as though they were filled with slivers of steel. But still he fought on doggedly, determinedly, desperately, minute after minute.

Those on the two banks watched it all with suppressed excitement. Babe Littleford stood in the edge of the water, with her hands clasped below her throat, her face was pale. John Moreland, who had witnessed many other great fights, himself a fighting man, had never before beheld such a contest of strength and endurance as this; Bill Dale had won John Moreland's heart for all time to come.

But the blows of the fighters were growing weaker now. The sound of their labored breathing rose distinctly over the gentle roar of the sparkling waters above.

Then the watchers saw Adam Ball lunge at his man, saw Dale stumble out of sheer weakness, saw Ball's mighty blood-streaked arms "close about the beautiful white body and hug it close to his great and hairy chest. A moment, and Ball was sending Dale slowly backward and downward more by reason of weight than of strength; another moment, and Ball was about to sink the brown head under the surface!

Babe Littleford gave a smothered cry. John Moreland stepped toward the water and shouted hoarsely: "Don't ye drowned him Adam! Ef ye do, ye'll answer to me!" Dale had gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, immersing himself completely, and shot one arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him, and staggered free!

Ball's hairy face came to the surface first. Dale fought back the pain of the water in his lungs, and the pain as of sharp and jagged slivers of steel in his hands, and struck madly, half blindly, at the hateful face. He kept it down, but it wouldn't go under the water completely.

Adam Ball began to drift as though lifeless down the stream. Bill Dale followed, still fighting weakly, choking as he breathed. But soon he ceased to strike. He saw, instead of the beautiful face, flashes of distant summer lightning, and red blotches against a thick blackness. The blotches faded, and all became dark to him; he pitched forward, gasping, and began to drift down the stream with the vanquished Ball.

Babe Littleford was standing in the water to her knees. When Dale submerged to utter exhaustion, she started toward him, to save him from drowning. She felt strangely drawn toward the big, white, clean man who had whipped the Goliath she had always dreaded. But she had gone only a few yards toward the center of the river when John Moreland and Sam Heck reached the unconscious figures.

Heck dragged Ball to the Littleford bank and left him lying there, face downward, on the sand. Moreland half carried, half dragged Bill Dale to the other bank. Babe Littleford waded out. She paid absolutely no attention to the worsted bully. She stood intently watching the limp form of Dale.

"Is he dead, John Moreland?" she called tremulously.

"No, Babe," Moreland answered, his voice not unkind; "he ain't no ways high dead."

He and Sam Heck took up Dale's dripping figure and bore it away. Babe Littleford ran to higher ground, hid herself behind a clump of sassafras and watched them.

Granny Heck followed with Dale's coat and hat. She chattered all the way across the meadow—

"Now what did I tell ye, John and (Co. ended on page three.)"

H. V. Nickell

Ed Day

ANNOUNCEMENT



Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

"Another reduction has been made in the list price on all types of Ford cars and the Ford trucks to take effect immediately. The list prices, f. o. b. Detroit, are now as follows:

TOURING CAR	\$415.00
RUNABOUT	370.00
COUPE	685.00
SEDAN	760.00
CHASSIS	345.00
TRUCK-CHASSIS	495.00
TRACTOR	625.00

"The big reductions last fall were made in anticipation of low material costs which we are now getting the benefit of, and this fact together with increased manufacturing efficiency and the unprecedented demand for Ford cars, particularly during the past three months permitting maximum production, have made another reduction possible immediately.

"Ford business for April and May 1921 was greater by 56,633 cars and trucks than for the same two months in 1920; in fact, the demand has been even greater than the supply, so that our output has been limited, not by unfilled orders but by manufacturing facilities.

"During May we produced 101,424 Ford cars and trucks for sale in the United States alone—the biggest month in the history of our company—and our factories and assembly plants are now working on a 4,000 car daily schedule for June.

"The Fordson tractor is still being sold at less than the cost to produce on account of the recent big price reductions, and it is impossible, therefore, to make any further cut in the price of the tractor."

Can you afford to go without a car any longer when Fords are selling at these new low prices? There is no reason now why you should delay purchasing a Ford car, Ford truck, or Fordson tractor.

We will gladly advise you concerning the delivery of a Fordson tractor or the particular type of car in which you are interested. Just 'phone us or drop us a card.

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